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BRIG O' TURK, TROSSACHS

LOCH LOMOND LOCH KATRINE AND THE TROSSACHS

**Described by George Eyre-Todd
Painted by E. W. Haslehurst, R.B.A.**



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Trossachs.	The Scott Country.
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VIEW FROM BALLOCH BRIDGE



Among the first of the features of Scotland which visitors to the country express a wish to see are the island reaches of the "Queen of Scottish Lakes", and the bosky narrows and mountain pass at the eastern end of Loch Katrine, which are known as the Trossachs. During the Great War of 1914-8, when large numbers of convalescent soldiers from the dominions overseas streamed through Glasgow, so great was their demand to see these famous regions, that constant parties had to be organized to conduct them over the ground.

The interest of Loch Lomond and the Trossachs to the tourist of to-day is no doubt mostly due to the works

of Sir Walter Scott. Much of the charm of Ellen's Isle and Inversnaid and the Pass of Balmaha would certainly vanish if *Rob Roy* and *The Lady of the Lake* could be erased from our literature. The actual personages of history are not more real amid these scenes than the romantic figures created for us under the names of James Fitzjames and Rob Roy and Roderick Dhu. Yet the wild loveliness of these sylvan waters and lonely mountain fastnesses attracted pilgrims long before the Wizard of the North put pen to paper in their praise. To mention only one of these, the poet Wordsworth, with his sister Dorothy and S. T. Coleridge, came hither in 1803, immortalized in jewelled verse the sweet Highland girl reaping at Inversnaid, and chanted the glories of the bold Rob Roy in the green recesses of Glengyle.

To-day it may be questioned whether the memories, real or imaginary, or the natural magic of the scenery itself is more attractive to the wayfarer here. Assuredly the two together weave a fascination greater than any that witchcraft ever hoped to achieve. Whether one choses to linger on the narrow loch-side road that looks across to Ellen's Isle, and to picture the gallant James wakening the echoes with his winded horn, or whether one prefers to recline on the pine-crowned bluff above Balmaha, and drink the pure loveliness of the silver waters winding away by the shores of bay and island into the far recesses of the mountains, the effects are

the same, a marvellous refreshment and exaltation of the human spirit.

This country, the once remote fastness of Macgregors, Macfarlanes, Buchanans, Colquhouns, and Grahams, lies now within the compass of an easy day's tour from Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Dundee; and along the beaten tourist route, by train and coach and steamer, streams, all summer long, a continuous throng of sightseers, more or less informed. But it is still, for the most part, an unspoiled sanctuary. Except at one or two spots, its shores and islands and mountain-sides remain as wild and lonely and beautiful as when Rob Roy trod here upon his native heath, and the monks on Inch Tavanach listened to the sound, across the water, of Inch Cailleach's convent bell.

Less is known about Loch Katrine than about Loch Lomond. It was for centuries the caterans' secret stronghold, all but inaccessible, in which the stranger without a passport set foot at peril of his life. To the present hour one seems to tread its shores as if on sufferance. But what it lacks in actual recorded memories has been made up by the incidents of imperishable romance, and the story of Ellen Douglas, and Snowdoun's knight and Roland Graham amply satisfies the instinctive conviction that something strange and moving ought to have happened amid these scenes.

One final matter, and that not the least important, may be noted. No part of Scotland is better supplied with comfortable inns and hotels than this delightful region of Loch Lomond, Loch Katrine, and the Trossachs.

Parts of the region, it is true, are by no means remote and untrodden, as they were a hundred years ago. At the southern end of Loch Lomond, where the lands of Tullichewan come down to the ancient ferry of Balloch, the old road from the West Highlands to Stirling crosses the "Water of Leven". Early in the nineteenth century the ferry was replaced by a suspension bridge, and sometime in the nineties this was in turn superseded by the present substantial bridge of iron. The coming of the railway to Balloch in the middle of the century also made a great change in the place, the later coming of the tramway-cars did more, and the acquisition of Balloch Castle estate by the Corporation of Glasgow in 1915 as a public park still further popularized the neighbourhood, so that to-day on a public holiday the scene is like a fair. Vast crowds pour thither by railway and by bus; private motors and motor-cycles constantly hum through the village; and huge charabancs by the half dozen bring freights of passengers from places as far off as Falkirk and Dunfermline. But the charm of the spot has not been spoiled. To the lover of his kind, indeed,

there is the added pleasure and interest of seeing so many people, mostly young and free from care, so innocently and whole-heartedly enjoying themselves. The river, with its islet in midstream above the bridge, its dozens of house-boats anchored along the banks, its motor-boats, gay with bunting, embarking passengers at the little piers, and its rowing craft with happy parties, moving everywhere on the water and out upon the loch above, forms a picture from the bridge that is not rivalled anywhere in Scotland. For anything like it one must go to certain spots on the Thames or on the Seine near Paris, and in none of these are there surroundings of loch and mountain scenery to match the glories of Balloch. Here, too, are creature comforts more delectable than Bailie Nicol Jarvie ever boasted in the Saltmarket. In Balloch Hotel, where the Empress Eugenie once spent a night or two, one may still take one's ease at one's inn. The picturesque Tullichewan Arms is the resort of countless marriage parties and happy couples on their honeymoon. And in tea-rooms and tea-gardens near the station and at Balloch Castle there is abundant refreshment to be had by the holiday makers.

The scene has changed tremendously since the enterprising David Napier in 1817 placed the first steamer, the *Marion*, named after his wife, on Loch

Lomond, and another steamer, the *Post Boy*, to run between Glasgow and Dunbarton on the Clyde, with a coach running through the Vale of Leven to connect the two. But the change is not for the worse. A thousand people now enjoy the beauties of Balloch for one who did so then.

LOCH LOMOND, SOUTH SHORE

When the beauties and interests of Loch Lomond are considered, little thought usually is given to the southern shore—the narrow base of the long triangle formed by the loch as it stretches northward. Yet it can be shown that this is at least as interesting and as charming a region as any round the loch-sides. Only of late, since the road from Glasgow over the Stockiemuir to Drymen Bridge, through the Parish of Kilmaronock to Balloch, and back to town by Dunbarton or Bowling, became a favourite with motorists, has the public come to know anything of the attractions of this region. Yet the view of the loch with its islands from Mount Misery, half-way along this shore, is perhaps the finest to be had—it was the view chosen by a famous artist for his picture, “The Plains of Heaven”; the village of Gartocharn is one of the sweetest in Scotland; and the memories of the district are romantic and tragic to the last degree.

The story of the region may be said to begin with the charter of Alexander II in 1238 confirming the possession of the Lennox to Malduin, the third Earl.

In that charter, for reasons of state, the King withdrew from the Earl the possession of Dunbarton Castle, and from that year the Earls of Lennox had their chief seat at Balloch. All that is left of their stronghold here is a low mound with traces of a moat on the haugh beside the Leven, near the spot where that river leaves the loch—hence the name, Balloch. Another Balloch in a similar position stood where the Tay issues from Loch Tay. The “Braes o’ Balloch” mentioned in the song, “Roy’s Wife of Aldivalloch”, refer to that neighbourhood, though the old stronghold of Balloch there has been rebuilt and renamed Taymouth Castle.

A number of years ago, when some excavations were made at the old moat by the side of the Leven, certain timbers, firmly fastened together and believed to have been part of the ancient drawbridge, were found, as well as a causeway strewn with huge quantities of mussel shells. The stronghold of which these were relics was rich in memories. While the Earls of Lennox lived at Balloch, the place was associated with some of the most thrilling events in Scottish history. Henry the Minstrel relates how Sir William Wallace, after slaying some Englishmen who had stolen his uncle’s sumpter mules, crossed the old wooden bridge over the Clyde at Glasgow, and escaped to the Lennox, where he was entertained by the Earl. Lennox also was one of the two earls who fought on



THE STRAITS OF BALMAHA FROM INCH CAILLEACH

Bruce's side when he was defeated in his first fight at Methven, and either at that period, or later, when Bruce lived at Cardross, the stronghold here is certain to have entertained the King. Malcolm, the fifth of these old earls, who thus entertained Wallace and Bruce, afterwards, as an old man, fell in the patriotic cause at the Battle of Halidon Hill, which for a time reversed all the victories of the great King Robert.

It was in the time of Malcolm's great-grandson, Earl Duncan, that disaster overwhelmed the house. This disaster had its origin in a curious deed executed at the Earl's island stronghold on Inch Murren in the loch. By that deed Duncan agreed to marry his eldest daughter, Isabella, to Murdoch, eldest son of the ambitious Robert, Earl of Fife, afterwards Duke of Albany, second son of King Robert II, and to settle the earldom of Lennox on the young pair and their heirs. All the world knows how Albany secured the imprisonment of his nephew, James I, in England, and how he and his son Murdoch, as Regents, misruled Scotland for half a lifetime. Nemesis arrived with the return of James I in 1424. At a parliament at Perth in March, 1425, Murdoch, Duke of Albany, Isabella, his wife, Walter and Alexander, their two eldest sons, and Duncan, Earl of Lennox, were seized. Only the youngest son, Big James Stewart, escaped, and in his fury, hastening to the west, he sacked and burned

Dunbarton, and slew there the King's uncle, ancestor of the Marquess of Bute. Two months later, in a parliament at Stirling, Duke Murdoch, his two sons, and his father-in-law were tried, condemned, led out to the Heading Hill, and there executed amid the lamentations of the people.

Duncan's earldom of the Lennox, however, was not forfeited, and the Duchess Isabella, released from Tantallon, made her way hither, took up her residence in the stronghold on Inch Murren, and devoted the rest of her long life to good works. Among other good deeds she founded the Collegiate Church at Dunbarton in the year 1450.

On the sad events of that time at Balloch, John Galt founded his romance *The Spaewife*. A further pretty story might be made of the secluded life of the widowed duchess on the island. Big James Stewart, the son who escaped the vengeance of James I, had no lawful children. He had, however, seven natural sons. One of them, Andrew Stewart, was brought up by his grandmother on Inch Murren, with what hopes, who can tell? About 1456, three years before the death of the duchess, James II, touched perhaps by pity for the fate of the house of Albany, made him Lord Evandale. During the boyhood of James III he was Chancellor of Scotland, and practically supreme in the councils of the kingdom. It says much for his moderation that he

sought and obtained for himself no more than a life possession of the lands of the earldom, and a portion for his sister Matilda, married to Edmonstoun of Duntreath. There were other heirs waiting hungrily for their shares of the inheritance, and the transaction by which it came at last to be divided is known as the Partition of the Lennox.

Besides the Duchess Isabella and an illegitimate son, Donald, ancestor of the Lennoxes of Woodhead, Earl Duncan had other daughters, one, Margaret, married to Sir John Menteith of Rusky, and Elizabeth, married to Sir John Stewart of Darnley, Lord d'Aubigné and Constable of France. Half of the earldom accordingly went to Elizabeth's grandson, Stewart of Darnley, while the other half was divided between Margaret's two daughters, Elizabeth, married to John Napier of Merchiston, and Agnes, married to Sir John Haldane of Gleneagles. Thus it came about that a later Napier of Merchiston, the famous mathematician of Queen Mary's time, worked out his logarithms at his country seat at Gartness, on the Endrick, near Drymen, and that a hamlet half a mile eastward out of Balloch is still known as Mill of Haldane.

Meanwhile Stewart of Darnley was giving trouble to the Government. He claimed not only half of the lands of the earldom but the title of Earl of Lennox. He applied first to the Chancellor, Evandale, then

to the King, had his claim admitted in 1473 and withdrawn in 1475. Hot with discontent he was one of those who seized James III at Lauder in 1482, tried to force him to abdicate in 1485, and finally helped to overthrow him at Sauchieburn in 1488. For his reward he was acknowledged as Earl by James IV and the parliament, and made governor of Dunbarton Castle, with Renfrewshire, Dunbartonshire, and part of the counties of Lanark and Stirling. Almost immediately, however, he raised a great rebellion against the King, who himself besieged and took his castles of Crookston and Dunbarton. For all this, strangely enough, he was forgiven, but it was no doubt a relief to all when he died, between 1493 and 1495. His son Matthew, the second Stewart Earl of Lennox, was evidently a close friend of the King. James was frequently at Dunbarton looking after his growing navy, and his household accounts show that when there he often visited the Earl at Balloch. Thus we know that on 10th August, 1507, he dined at Balloch Castle and lost sixteen shillings afterwards at cards. Finally, on Flodden Field, along with the Earl of Argyll, Lennox commanded the Scottish right wing, and fell fighting bravely at the head of his men.

From the time of that great national disaster the old castle of Balloch appears to have been forsaken, and to have fallen gradually into ruin.



INVERBEG: ON LOCH LOMOND, OPPOSITE ROWARDENNAN

The present Balloch Castle on the hill-side above had its origin in other and later ambitions. In 1652 the fourth Duke of Lennox, representative of the younger line of the old Darnley family, sold Balloch to Sir John Colquhoun of Luss, and the ferry and the fishings and the site of Balloch Fair still belong to Sir John's descendants. At the beginning of the nineteenth century, however, the rest of the estate was acquired by John Buchanan of Ardoch. Ardoch itself, a little farther along the loch-side, had been bought in 1683 by John Buchanan's great-grandfather, a descendant of the thirteenth laird of Buchanan. John Buchanan's father, Thomas, had owned the largest hat factory in Glasgow, and John Buchanan himself was a Deputy-Lieutenant and Member of Parliament for Dunbartonshire. His ambition was to found a family on Loch Lomondside, and he bought not only Balloch estate, but the lands of Boturich, between it and Ardoch itself. He had a son and three daughters, the eldest of whom was married to Robert Finlay of Easterhill, and he built two mansions, Balloch Castle and Boturich Castle. Alas for his ambitions! In a very few years his possessions were divided. Balloch passed first into the hands of a Mr. Gibson Stott, and afterwards of Mr. Dennistoun-Brown, great-grandson of a provost of Glasgow, by whose daughters it was sold to the City of Glasgow in 1915.

Boturich Castle, which also finely overlooks the loch from the slopes of Mount Misery a little way farther east, remains in possession of the descendant of Mary Buchanan and her husband Robert Finlay of Easterhill. It stands on the foundations of an older stronghold of which another tale is to be told.

When the old Lennox earldom was divided at the end of the fifteenth century, "the twa Boturichis" were among the possessions that fell to Haldane of Gleneagles. The laird of the time was slain with James IV on Flodden Field, and he left a beautiful young widow, Marion, daughter of Lawson of Humbie, a provost of Edinburgh. This lady presently had a lover, the doughty Squire Meldrum, laird of Cleish and Binns near Kinross. While Meldrum was dallying with the lady at Gleneagles in Strathearn, a message reached them that Boturich here was being harried and besieged by the wild Macfarlanes from the head of the loch. It was Meldrum's opportunity. Gathering his forces he hurried to the scene, and with great valour drove off the assailants of Boturich. The incident is fully related in Sir David Lindsay's well-known poem, "Squyer Meldrum". Alas for the doughty knight! A little later he was assailed behind Holyrood by Stirling of Keir, his rival for the lady's hand, and, overpowered by numbers, was left for dead, with his legs houghed and the knobs of his elbows hacked off.

The rest of his days he spent on his own estate, administering physic and law to his tenants.

Ardoch, to the east of Boturich, is now mostly merged in the estate of Ross, and nothing is left of the little old house of its Buchanan lairds but a broken wall with a window-sill or two at the head of the beautiful little Ardoch glen.

The Ross itself takes its name from the low promontory on which its mansion is built. It has been a possession since 1624 of a branch of the house of the Chiefs of Buchanan, the family "of the Ross and Drumakill" of which the famous Latinist, George Buchanan, was a member. After Balloch and Rossdhu it is the spot with perhaps the most interesting associations on Loch Lomondside. In popular tradition it is haunted with a curse which dates from the break-up of the last Jacobite rebellion. Among the fugitives after Culloden was the Marquess of Tullibardine, elder brother of the Duke of Atholl. As a young man he had already been forfeited for his part in the rising of 1715, and for his latest transgression he was fleeing for his life, when he came to the gates of the Ross. From the laird, an old friend, it is said, he besought protection, and Buchanan admitted him, and lodged him in one of the vaulted apartments still to be seen below the present mansion. Then he went to Dunbarton and informed King George's officer there that he had Tullibardine under

lock and key. As the prisoner was being carried off it is said he hurled a curse at the house—"There'll be Murrays on the braes of Atholl when there's never a Buchanan at the Ross!" As fulfilment of his curse it is pointed out that the male line of the Ross failed at the end of the eighteenth century. The estates were then claimed by two heiresses, Jean Buchanan of the Ross and Lilius Bald. In the long and intricate legal proceedings Jean Buchanan's case was advocated by Hector Macdonald, son of Colin Macdonald of Boisdale, and he afterwards married his client, took the name of Buchanan, purchased a number of the old family properties, and build the present Ross Priory. As if the family curse were not yet exhausted, however, all the fine sons of this pair died before their father. Three daughters were left, and in 1830 the second of these married the scion of an ancient Aberdeenshire family, Sir Alexander Leith, Bart., whose grandson, Sir Alexander Leith-Buchanan, is now laird of the Ross.

During the time of Hector Macdonald Buchanan, a frequent visitor at Ross Priory was Buchanan's brother Clerk of Session, Sir Walter Scott. Here the Great Unknown got much of the material for his *Lady of the Lake* and *Rob Roy*, and in a first-floor bedroom, looking across to the Pass of Balmaha, he wrote a great part of the latter tale. Gartachraggan or Town-foot, a farmhouse in full view of the room where he



BEN LOMOND FROM LUSS

wrote, was the "Garscattachan" of the romance. On Inch Cailleach, also in sight, is still to be seen the slab, mention of which he puts into the mouth of Rob Roy: "By the halidom of him that sleeps under the grey stane on Inch Cailleach!" It was from Gallangad, a farm in the upper part of the parish, that the men of Roderick Dhu drove the white bull in whose hide Brian the Hermit was to dream the future of Clan Gregor. And to the east, near the manse of the parish, still flows the spring which furnished the novelist with the title of a later book, *St. Ronan's Well*. The name of the parish, Kilmaronock, is believed to mean "the kirk of my little Ronan", and is transformed in the *Lady of the Lake* into "Maronnan's Cell".

The authorship of the Waverley novels was at that time a profound secret, but there were certain persons who must have been able to make a shrewd guess at the mystery. Mr. Macfarlan, afterwards Principal of Glasgow University, was at that time minister of the neighbouring parish of Drymen, and one evening, on meeting Scott at dinner at the Ross, he quoted to him a curious rhyme regarding a village which was then part of his parish:

Baron o' Buchlyvie,
May the foul fiend drive ye,
And a' to pieces rive ye,
For biggin' sic a toun,
Where there's neither horse meat nor man's meat,
Nor a chair to sit doun!

A few weeks later, when these lines appeared at the head of the twenty-eighth chapter of *Rob Roy*, Macfarlan would have a leading clue to the name of the author.

In the time of Scott and Hector Macdonald Buchanan, the Lords of Justiciary used to travel to Inveraray by the Stockiemuir and Loch Lomondside, spending a night at Ross Priory, and it is said they were regularly regaled upon whisky that had never paid a farthing of excise duty. The district was then notorious for the number of its "sma' stills", and the traffic was only brought to an end at last, after the trial of two of the "free traders" for the murder of a threatening informer, when a revenue cutter was placed upon the loch.

Another traffic on the loch at that time was the export of red sandstone flags from the quarries of Kilmarnock to pave the streets of Glasgow. Some of these were shipped from the little harbour at Townfoot. Others were sawn at Ballagan, and probably shipped on the Leven at Balloch.

This quiet part of the loch shores probably came into its most intimate touch with the great events of history in the year 1685. James VII and II, with his Romanizing tendencies, had just succeeded to the throne of his brother Charles II, and efforts were being made for a revolution. While the Duke of Monmouth

landed in the south of England, the Earl of Argyll made a descent in Scotland. Landing on Eilean Dearg at the mouth of Loch Ridden, he gathered his clan, and marched eastward to reach the lowlands. He had crossed the Water of Leven at Balloch, and was on his way through Kilmaronock when, at the burn which drives the Aber mill, he was told there was a force of Government soldiers in the village ahead. A more resolute commander would have attacked at once and carried the place, but Argyll called a council of war. By his officers he was advised to avoid a conflict till reinforced by the friends believed to be in Glasgow. Accordingly, lighting great fires of the peats, which he found drying on the spot, to lead the Government troops to believe he was bivouacking for the night, he set off across the Kilpatrick hills to the south. In the darkness, among the bogs and lochs, most of his little army went home, and at Old Kilpatrick, in the morning, he found he had only five hundred men. Giving up the enterprise, he disbanded his force, and, disguising himself, crossed the Clyde, to be captured by two labourers a few hours later at St. Conval's Stone, near Inchinnan. Regarding the incident, Lord Macaulay remarks: "Who ever heard of an army being successful that was commanded in the field by a committee?"

King Robert the Bruce, in 1324, granted the church of Kilmaronock to the Abbey of Cambuskenneth, and

it was served by a perpetual vicar. Most historical of its vicars was John Porterfield, of the time of Queen Mary, whom the Regent Lennox, his near neighbour here, made first of the "tulchan" Archbishops of Glasgow. About the year 1450, the Duchess Isabella gave the lands of Ballagan, near Balloch, to the Friars Preachers of Glasgow, and they seem to have built a chapel at the spot now known as Shenagles, or "Old Kirk". Last of all, in 1771, when Lord Stonefield, then patron, forced a minister on the parish, a large part of the congregation broke away and founded the Relief Kirk, which still stands above the modern village of Gartocharn. There was also another meeting-place, of Reformed Presbyterians, on the slope of Duncryne Hill. When it fell to ruins, through poverty, the faithful remnant tramped every Sunday to Dunbarton, and crossed the Clyde to Kilmacolm, to worship with folk of their own opinions there. So the parish of Kilmaronock presents a pretty fair epitome of the ecclesiastical history of Scotland.

Of the early secular lords of the parish a significant memorial remains at Catter, overlooking the Endrick at the south-eastern corner of the loch. This is one of the most perfect mote-hills in the country. Here the early Earls of Lennox had their seat of justice, and in the hollow in its summit the gallows was erected, in a stone still to be seen, for the last act of the law.

When the earls granted charters of the lands of Buchanan on the east side of the loch and of Arrochar on the west side, to the chiefs of Buchanan and Macfarlane respectively, it was with the express reservation that delinquents condemned by these chiefs could be executed only on the earl's gallows at Catter. The word Catter itself is the old British *caer*, a fort, and the presumption is that a stronghold stood on the spot from the earliest times. It is now the residence of the chamberlain to the Duke of Montrose.

By the Earls of Lennox the lands of Kilmaronock appear to have been assigned to Sir Malcolm Fleming for the keeping of Dunbarton Castle. About the middle of the fourteenth century, along with Inch Cailleach, they were conveyed by Malcolm Fleming, Earl of Wigton, to his son-in-law, Sir John Dennistoun of Dennistoun, chief of the once great family of Danielston, or Dennistoun, in Renfrewshire. Sir John's sister, Joanna Dennistoun, was the mother of Elizabeth Mure of Rowallan, wife of King Robert II, and mother of King Robert III, so there was a close connection with the royal house itself. It was the proud boast of the Dennistouns to say: "Kings have come of us, not we of kings".

Dennistoun appears to have built the strong castle which still stands, a ruin, on the Mains of Kilmaronock, by the Endrick side. His arms are to be seen on a

shield above one of its windows. Within these walls was probably reared a somewhat sinister personage of that time. Sir John's second son, Master Walter of Danyelstone, has his deeds recorded in the chronicles of both Wyntoun and Fordoun. Though parson of Kincardine O'Neil, on Deeside, he appears, like his royal cousin, the Wolf of Badenoch, to have been a complete swashbuckler. By some means now unknown, he seized Dunbarton Castle. Fordoun says he took and kept the stronghold with a large military force, to the great annoyance of the king and kingdom; and Wyntoun describes how he oppressed Linlithgow and other places, and how his men from the castle perpetrated "wicked deeds many and fell". So formidable was this bandit priest, and so serious were his depredations, that his cousin, Robert, Duke of Albany, then at the head of the Government, found it necessary to make terms with him. The price required by Danyelstone, for giving up the castle of Dunbarton, was nothing less than the bishopric of St. Andrews. So urgent, however, was the matter that, though his own brother was bishop-elect, Albany carried out the transaction, and Danyelstone became Bishop of St. Andrews in 1402.

On the death of the bishop's elder brother, Sir Robert Dennistoun of that ilk, in 1404, the great estates of the family were divided between his two daughters, and

the representation of the family was carried on by his younger brother, Dennistoun of Colgrain, below Cardross. Sir Robert's elder daughter, Margaret, married Sir William Cunningham of Kilmaurs, and in his hands and those of his descendants, the Earls of Glencairn, the lands of Kilmaronock remained till 1670. A considerable estate in the parish is still owned by a branch of this house.

In the time of the next owner, William Cochrane of Kilmaronock, as he was called, grandson of the first Earl of Dundonald, an interesting transaction occurred. The lands had been made a barony held from the Crown for payment of fourpence yearly, and the laird was liable to make good to his tenants all losses sustained through reivers from the upper passes of the loch. These losses became very frequent, and to get rid of his liability, Cochrane feued the lands to his tenants at the rents they were paying. The properties thus became their own, but they had now themselves to bear the losses of cattle-lifting. Strangely enough, the losses immediately ceased. These lands are held by the Aberlairds, as they are called, to the present day.

A branch of another noble family, the Grahams, Earls of Menteith, also had a possession in the district. The lands of Gallangad continued to belong to their descendant, Mr. R. B. Cunningham Graham of Gartmore, till the beginning of the present century. There,

over a hundred years previously, was born the hapless individual known as the Beggar-Earl. Beginning life as a medical student, he claimed the earldom, and actually voted at Holyrood; but latterly he was reduced to sad straits, wrought as a builders' hodman, and in the end was found dead under a hedge in Bonhill. His remains lie in Bonhill kirkyard. In the recesses of Gallangad glen a notable waterfall, within hearing of which he must often have dreamed of greatness, may be taken to sing his requiem.

Near Gallangad, however, remain memorials of still more ancient races. By the old deserted drove road which runs along a ridge of the purple moor, lie the Lang Cairn and several others, burial-places of the dead of the Stone Age. There also lies a three-sided monolith of red sandstone, a battle-stone or altar of prehistoric times.

Of the people who built these monuments perhaps the last descendants were the Uruisgs, goblins, or brownies, of which traditions still remain. Sir Walter Scott tells how one of these wild men haunted Duncryne, the "Hill of the Fairies", in this parish, and was at last got rid of by the miller overturning a pot of boiling porridge on his knees as he sat by the fire.



LUSS STRAITS

THE BUCHANAN COUNTRY

At its south-eastern angle, the loch receives the waters of the Endrick, from a lovely valley celebrated in the song "Sweet Ennerdale", or "The Gallant Grahams". The river separates Dunbartonshire from Stirlingshire, and its mouth, formerly farther to the west, gave the name of Aber to the district already mentioned. The wild and secluded region about its present mouth is notable for its variety of bird-life, among the richest in the country.

Several great families have had their seat on these river banks. Drymen was the original home of the Drummonds, descended, it is said, from a Hungarian who came into the country in the train of the Saxon princess Margaret, the destined queen of Malcolm Canmore. They took their name from the place Druman, the plural of *drum*, a rising ground. Later, in 1282, the first of the Chiefs of the Buchanan Clan obtained from the Earl of Lennox a charter of the lands on the eastern side of the loch from the Endrick northward, along with the island of Clairinch, the name of which became the Buchanan slogan or battle-cry. Of

that clan, the most notable scion was the famous Latinist, George Buchanan. Another was Buchanan of Auchmar, an estate on the slope of the Conic Hill which ends at Balmaha, whose history of his own and other clans is one of the most authentic records of the Highlands. In 1682, the Buchanan lands were purchased by the grandson of the Great Marquess of Montrose, whose son was created a duke in 1707.

The Dukes of Montrose had their seat at the plain old Buchanan House by the Endrick here, till it was burned about 1870 and the present Buchanan Castle was built. One of these dukes, in the early years of the nineteenth century, was bringing home his bride. As they crossed Drymen Bridge, he pointed out her future home, and, much to his surprise, as she looked she burst into tears. In great concern he inquired the cause. It was so bare a place, she said, and such a contrast to the lovely wooded country from which she had come. Next day, the Duke sent for the greatest landscape gardener of the time, "Capability" Brown, and gave him *carte blanche* to lay out policies and plant the valley with trees. As a result, the valley about the Endrick mouth to-day is one of the most beautiful sylvan demesnes in Scotland. A special feature are certain woods on the high, sloping country above the castle. These appear from the distance in the form of the three great schiltrums, or circular bodies

of troops which comprised the Scottish army under Sir William Wallace at the Battle of Falkirk in 1298, when Sir John the Graham, the heroic ancestor of the Dukes of Montrose, was slain.

Besides Buchanan House, the chiefs of the name had a stronghold on Stracashel Point, farther up the loch. The parish, however, was originally known, not as Buchanan, but as Inch Cailleach, the ancient kirk and burying-ground being situated on the beautiful island of that name, off Balmaha. Originally the island itself took its name, the Isle of Women, from the religious house founded there by Kentigerna, the mother of St. Fillan, and till a recent period it was the most sacred burying-place of the clansmen of the loch shores. As already mentioned, the tombstone is still to be seen there which covers an ancestor of Rob Roy.

The present roadway at Balmaha is not the pass through which the famous cateran was wont to drive his stolen cattle. This is to be seen cleaving the mountain barrier higher and farther eastward. In Rob Roy's time this was regarded as one of the main gateways of the Highlands, and during the Jacobite rising of 1715 the Duke of Argyll kept a garrison at Drymen to control it. Even when his herds were safely through the pass, Macgregor had a good many miles to go through the country of the Duke of Montrose before he reached his own patrimony of Craigroyston, along

the rocky foot of Ben Lomond and about Inversnaid. As he had absconded with various sums of money lent by the Duke of Montrose, the latter caused his property at Inversnaid to be legally attached, and, resenting the rigour with which his wife and family had been treated by the military on that occasion, when his house of Craigroyston was burned, Rob took to a sort of war on his former patron. Notably he seized the Duke's factor, who was no less a personage than Graham of Killearn, Sheriff-Substitute of Dunbartonshire, along with certain rents he had just collected, and his books and papers. The captive was confined first in a cave, known as Rob Roy's Prison, still to be seen in the rocks of Craigroyston between Rowardennan and Inversnaid, and then on an island in Loch Katrine. After about a week, as the Duke would pay no ransom, Graham was allowed to go, with his books and bills, but without his cash. To stop such lawlessness, at the Duke's suggestion, in 1713 a fort was built at Inversnaid, regarding which a tradition exists that Captain James Wolfe, afterwards the conqueror of Quebec, once was the commander. But Macgregor evaded all attempts at capture, and died at last in his bed at Inverlocharig in Balquhiddy about the year 1740.

Rob's three sons, James, Duncan, and Robin Oig, for a time carried on their father's business of cateran, but their career was brought to an end by an act which

TARBET



could not be tolerated. Robin Oig's wife, a daughter of Graham of Drunkie, having died, the brothers plotted to make their fortunes by securing an heiress for him. On a December night in 1750, they beset the house of Edinbelly near Balfron, overpowered the male inmates, and carried off a rich young widow, Jean Kay or Wright. Bringing her to Rowardennan, they put her through a form of irregular marriage with Robin Oig. Their father had carried off his wife, Helen, in a similar fashion, and no doubt the brothers thought they had done a fine thing; but the Government decided that the achievement was now an anachronism. The three Macgregors were captured; James escaped from Edinburgh Castle, Duncan was dismissed, and Robin Oig was hanged. Strangely enough, Jean Kay herself to the last refused to prosecute.

It is worth noting how, more vivid than the actual historic events—the burning of Macgregor's house of Craigroyston, or the capture of his son Robin Oig at Inversnaid—seems to-day the scene described by Sir Walter Scott, of Rob Roy bidding farewell here to his kinsman, the pawky and cautious, but kind and stout-hearted Bailie Nicol Jarvie. Some seventy years later, occurred the visit of Wordsworth, his sister Dorothy, and the visionary Coleridge. They got their clothes dried after a wet day, then parted company, Coleridge to go home "in a kind of huff"; while Wordsworth was

to immortalize the Highland girl whom he saw reaping and singing amid the lovely surroundings of "the lake, the bay, the waterfall". Sixty years later, Alexander Smith, the Glasgow poet, reached Inversnaid, wet and weary after a three days' tramp, and at night by the chimney nook in the inn wrote his sonnet on "Wordsworth's Inversneyd". But still it is the figure of "the bold Rob Roy" which dominates the scene.

THE COLQUHOUN COUNTRY

The traveller leaving Balloch for Luss to-day, on one of the handsome little steamers which ply to the head of the loch, has his interest attracted by a succession of picturesque mansions—surely, for situation, among their beautiful wooded parks, with the hill-sides rising behind, and the lovely islanded waters of the loch below, among the most delectable dwelling-places in the kingdom. Each of these has some literary, historic, or other interest.

Tullichewan or Tully-Colquhoun has already been mentioned. Originally, from its name, a Colquhoun possession, it belonged in 1543 to a member of the great Dennistoun family, Patrick Dennistoun of Dalvait. A century later it was acquired by Alexander, third son of Sir John Colquhoun of Luss, by Lady Lillas Graham, sister of the famous Marquess of Montrose. When Sir Humphrey Colquhoun of Luss died in 1718 without male issue, the Tullichewan family came to represent the male line of the Colquhouns, with curious results to be detailed later.

Cameron, on the loch-side a mile farther north, was

also an ancient possession of the Dennistouns. In 1612 it was acquired from Walter Dennistoun of Colgrain by Sir Alexander Colquhoun of Luss, who disposed of it as a feu. In 1696 the feu was purchased by Donald Govan, the "Old Admiral" of *Humphry Clinker*, and in 1763 Commissary James Smollett of Bonhill became its possessor. There he entertained his cousin, Tobias Smollett, in 1766, and Dr. Samuel Johnson in 1773. On his death it was inherited, with the Bonhill estate, by Tobias Smollett's sister Jane, wife of Alexander Telfer of Scotston, and from that time its owners have been her descendants, Telfer-Smolletts.

Auchendennan, the next mansion and estate, is the only one retaining the name of the three ancient Auchendennans—

Auchendennan Lindsay and Auchendennan Righ
And Auchendennan Dennistoun, the best of the three.

Once, as its name implies, a part of the royal hunting demesne formed by Robert the Bruce when he lived at Cardross, and afterwards a church possession of Dunbarton, Auchendennan-Righ was feued about the time of Flodden to one of the Dennistouns, Andrew of Cardross, whose descendants held it for a hundred years. For another hundred years it was owned by the Napiers of Kilmahew, a branch of the famous family which inherited a fourth of the Lennox. Early in the nineteenth century a Glasgow merchant, William



LOCH LOMOND FROM INVERNSAID

Rouet, built on the rising ground an Italian villa which he named Belretiro, and which was replaced later by George Martin, another Glasgow merchant, with the present mansion of Auchendennan.

— Next along the shore, Auchenheglish, the “Field of the Kirk”, takes its name from an ancient chapel which the clergy of Dunbarton built on their property here. There is a tradition that the kirk stood on ground now covered by the waters of the loch. A perch off the shore marks the spot. During periods of drought a heap of stones appears above the surface, and wrought wood is said to have been taken off the roof as recently as the year 1760 by Thomas Nairn of Balloch. The existing mansion was built by Mr. Brock, first manager of the Clydesdale Bank.

Still farther north, the lands of Auchendennan-Dennistoun, with the Colquhoun property of Bannachra behind, were purchased in 1770 by a Glasgow merchant, George Buchanan, who changed the name of the estate to Arden. About 1860 this was acquired by Sir James Lumsden, Lord Provost of Glasgow, who built the present stately residence on the spot.

The old castle of Bannachra, the ruin of which stands on the rising ground in the mouth of Glenfruin behind, was in 1592 the scene of a tragic incident. In one of the feuds of the time, Sir Humphrey, chief of the Colquhouns, was beset by his enemies here. His

servant was induced to betray him, and in lighting him up a stair so shone a candle on him as to make him a mark for those outside, who shot him with an arrow through a loophole. The deed has been blamed upon the Macgregors and Macfarlanes, but in Birrell's *Diary* it is stated that on "Nov. 30 John Cachoune was beheidit at the Crosse of Edinburghe for murtherring of his auen brother, the Laird of Lusse", and as it was not John Colquhoun but the next brother Alexander who succeeded Sir Humphrey, Birrell's statement seems to point to the truth.

This Sir Alexander, who succeeded, was the chief who took part, eleven years later, in the conflict with the Macgregors, known as the battle of Glenfruin. The ruin of Bannachra overlooks the scene. According to the Macgregors the feud was caused by the Colquhoun Chief hanging two Macgregors who had stolen and suppered off a sheep, though they afterwards offered to pay for it. There is evidence, however, that Clan Gregor was really set on by the Earl of Argyll, who was Colquhoun's bitter enemy. Some three hundred were engaged on each side, but Alastair Macgregor, more practised in war than his opponent, divided his forces, attacked the Colquhouns in front and rear, and soon threw them into confusion. He pursued them to the gates of Rossdhu, and slew a hundred and forty of them, while he himself lost only

two followers, including his brother John. Sir Walter Scott, in *The Lady of the Lake*, curiously antedates the conflict by putting into the mouths of the boatmen of Roderick Dhu, some sixty years before it took place, a song of triumph on the subject:

Proudly our pibroch has thrilled in Glen Fruin,
And Bannochar's groans to our slogan replied;
Glen Luss and Rossdhu, they are smoking in ruin,
And the best of Loch Lomond lie dead on her side.
Widow and Saxon maid
Long shall lament our raid,
Think of Clan Alpin with fear and with woe;
Lennox and Leven-glen
Shake when they hear again
Roderich Vich-Alpin Dhu, ho! ieroe!

But the Macgregors themselves had, after all, the most fearful cause to lament the exploit. They followed up their victory by burning and ravishing the whole lands of Luss, and one of them, Dugald Ciar Mhor of Glegyle, set to watch a party of schoolboys who had come from Dunbarton to see the fight, cut short his charge by slaying them all. When Alastair his chief met him rushing to the plunder, and asked what he had done with the students, Dugald held up his bloody dirk and said: "Ask that!"

Such deeds were bound to bring retribution. A band of sixty Colquhoun widows paraded before James VI at Stirling with their husbands' bloody shirts on poles, and the horrified King gave instant orders for the punishment of Clan Gregor. Their houses were

burned, their name was proscribed, and they were hunted like wild beasts in the hills. A year later Alastair Macgregor himself was betrayed by Argyll. The Earl undertook to convey him safely out of Scotland, fulfilled the letter of his promise by carrying him to Berwick, then arrested him, and brought him back to Edinburgh where he was tried, condemned, and executed. Assuredly Clan Gregor had ample reason to curse the hour in which "the black wedder with the white tail was ever lambed". Scott has put their resentment with vigour into another of his songs, "Macgregor's Gathering":

Through the depths of Loch Katrine the steed shall career,
O'er the peak of Ben Lomond the galley shall steer,
And the rocks of Craig-Royston like icicles melt,
Ere our wrongs be forgot or our vengeance unfelt!

The ruin of the old castle of Rossdhu still stands beside the modern mansion of the name on the loch-side. Among those who have been entertained within its walls was Mary Queen of Scots, who paid a special visit here and stayed over night on 15th July, 1563.

The owners of the old tower date their origin from Humphrey of Kilpatrick, who acquired the barony of Colquhoun on Clydeside in the reign of Alexander II and built the stronghold of Dunglass Castle there. His great-grandson, Sir Robert, married the heiress of Luss, and his great-grandson again, Sir John Col-

quhoun, was Chamberlain of Scotland, Sheriff of Dunbartonshire, and Governor of Dunbarton Castle for James III. One chief married a daughter of the first Darnley Earl of Lennox, and another a sister of the Great Marquess of Montrose. The last-named was made a baronet of Nova Scotia by Charles I, absconded with his wife's sister, Lady Catherine Graham, and by his wild living brought the fortunes of his family to the verge of ruin.

The senior male line of the Colquhouns ended with the fourteenth chief, Sir Humphrey Colquhoun, M.P., who died in 1718. He entailed the Luss estates on his daughter Anne and her husband James, son of the Laird of Grant, and since that day the Colquhouns of Luss have been really Grants by the male descent. In 1786 trouble arose over the baronetcy, which could not have its destiny altered like the estates, and had actually passed to Colquhoun of Tullichewan, and a new patent was granted to Sir James Colquhoun. It was he who built the present mansion of Rossdhu, and who founded Helensburgh on the Gareloch and named it after his wife, a daughter of Lord Strathnaver, son of the Earl of Sutherland. More recently the family has distinguished itself in the literary world. John Colquhoun, grandfather of the present baronet, was the noted sportsman who wrote *The Moor and the Loch*, and one of his daughters is Mrs. Walford, author of many charming novels.

One of the most memorable tragedies of Loch Lomond occurred on a December day in 1873. Sir James Colquhoun, the fourth baronet, was returning from Inch Lonaig, the Colquhoun deer island, with his keepers and a load of venison for distribution to the people on the estate. From Luss the boat was seen to pass behind Inch Connachan on its way to Rossdhu, and neither it nor Sir James himself was ever seen again.

The ruined chapel near Rossdhu, in which the Colquhouns are buried, dates from the beginning of the twelfth century, a hundred years before Alwyn, second Earl of Lennox, granted the estate of Luss to his kinsman Maldowen, Dean of Lennox, ancestor of the original Luss family. Older yet are the memories of the rude stone figure preserved at Rossdhu, which represents St. Kessog, the patron saint of the parish. A stone coffin, believed to be that of the holy man, was dug up many years ago in the village kirkyard at Luss itself. Another stone coffin, unearthed at the same time, was believed to be that of a certain Baroness M'Auslan, wife of a noted leader at the siege of Tournay. On her death in France her body was brought home and buried in Luss kirkyard, and from the fleurs-de-luce strewn on her coffin plants grew up. These proved efficacious in staying a pestilence then raging, and from them the parish is said to have taken its name.

Luss village by the loch-side, at the foot of its mountain glen, is one of the prettiest in Scotland. It was mostly rebuilt in the latter half of the nineteenth century, and with its rustic cottages covered with roses and tropæolum all summer long, is an altogether ideal spot.

THE ISLANDS

When Wordsworth tried to depreciate the beauty of Loch Lomond by comparison with the smaller waters of the English Lake District, there is reason to believe that he did not sufficiently take into account the many islands which strew its surface with their sylvan loveliness. Of these islands there are some thirty-three, from mile-long domains like Inch Murren and Inch Cailleach, to mere spots of greenery like Aber Island and the Isle of Vou. An ancient jingle credits Loch Lomond with possession of "a wave without a wind, a fish without a fin, and a floating island". Of these marvels no satisfactory data has been furnished, though there are waves without wind at every burn mouth, and, apart from the oaken crannog said to have been built by Keith Macandoll, the contemporary of Fingal, there are masses of water weed that float to the surface in certain seasons, like the lovely white-blossoming ranunculus in Balmaha bay, and rafts of timber from the islands used frequently to be floated down the Leven. As for the "fish", it may have been an adder or an eel—schools of immense eels have sometimes been seen



BEN VENUE AND LOCH ACHRAY, TROSSACHS

sunning themselves in the sandy shallows off the Endrick's mouth; or the reference may be a corrupted allusion to the "powan", or fresh-water herring, which is peculiar to Loch Lomond and one or two other waters, like Lough Neagh in Ireland.

In early times the islands of Loch Lomond were probably used as places of security. In the year 1263 they are said to have been full of people when Hakon of Norway, by way of quickening negotiations with Alexander III, detached Olaf of Man with sixty ships from his fleet in Millport Bay, and sent him up Loch Long. The narrow neck of land between Arrochar and Loch Lomond probably got its name of Tarbet, or the Boat Pass, from Olaf's enterprise. It was a fearful day for these inland shores when Olaf dragged his ships over that two-mile rise, launched them on Loch Lomond, and swept the islands, and all the Lennox eastward and southward, with sword and fire. In that fierce slaughter and conflagration the little nunnery on Inch Cailleach, founded in the seventh century by Kentigerna, mother of St. Fillan, must have gone down in blood and smoke, as well as the monastery on Inch Tavanach, the hermitage on Eilean Vou, and little chapels such as those at Glenmollachan and Rossdhu on the eastern shore and Shenagles in Kilmaronock.

The islands of Loch Lomond, however, still continued to be used for retreat and defence. We have

seen how the Duchess Isabella in 1425 retired to the stronghold of the Earls of Lennox on Inch Murren; the Macfarlane chiefs had strongholds on the island of Inveruglas and on Eilean Vou; and the Galbraiths had a castle on the islet south of the Straits of Luss which bears their name.

Like the Dennistouns, these Galbraiths were at one time a powerful race which played a noted part in the destinies of the Lennox. The chartulary of the earlier Earls of Lennox shows many grants of lands to the Galbraith chiefs in the early part of the thirteenth century. In 1443, when the arrogance of the Earls of Douglas was beginning to set itself up against the authority of the Crown, Patrick Galbraith, as a partisan of the Douglasses, took possession of Dunbarton Castle. He was driven out by Sir Robert Sempill, the Deputy-Governor and Deputy Sheriff of the county, but returned next day with a stronger force, captured the fortress, slew Sempill, and made himself governor. In 1563 Robert Galbraith of Garscadden was summoned, with Archbishop Hamilton and forty-seven others, for assisting at the celebration of Mass in the chapel of his own house. Thirty years later Robert Galbraith of Culcreuch was reported to the Privy Council as bearing "haitrent and malice" against Alexander Colquhoun of Luss, a man on each side having been slain in the feud between them. The Galbraiths, in

fact, seem to have had a fatal tendency to espouse a losing cause, and to this may be attributed their downfall. Many of their names still live on the shores of Loch Lomond, but the stronghold of the ancient chiefs on Inch Galbraith has long been a picturesque ruin.

Other interests associated with the islands are the facts that Clairinch, near Balmaha, which was the first possession of the Buchanan chiefs in the district, furnished the slogan, or battle-cry, of that clan, and that the yew trees on Inch Lonaig, opposite Luss, are said to have been originally planted by King Robert the Bruce, to furnish bows for the Scottish archers. Whether or not the earlier Scottish patriot ever found refuge there, the name of Wallace's Isle is still given to an islet in the northern part of the loch, and—a relic of different sort—on Eilean Vou still grows an early-flowering species of daffodil, probably cultivated in a bygone century by the priest of the chapel there for the Easter decoration of his altar.

In addition to their associations, however, the islands of Loch Lomond are endowed with a perennial natural charm. Nothing, surely, could be lovelier in its way than the winding narrows between Inch Tavanach and Inch Conachan known as the Straits of Luss.

While most of the islands, and all the larger ones, lie in the lower and wider part of the loch where the depth is only some sixty feet, no little part of the beauty of

the upper waters, where the loch, under Ben Lomond, is narrowest and deepest—612 feet—and the banks are steepest and wildest, is owed to the rocky islets which rise from its surface. This is indeed the most romantic part of Loch Lomond. Thus, at any rate, it seems to have impressed Wordsworth, who made Eilean Vou the scene of his poems, "The Brownie" and "The Brownie's Cell".

Wordsworth painted his brownie as a Covenanting refugee, but the real object of the tradition of the spot was more probably one of the wild Uruisgs. In his *Traditions of Arrochar and Tarbet and the Clan MacFarlane* the Rev. H. S. Winchester recounts the legend. The wife of a MacFarlane chief who lived in the stronghold on Eilean Vou being unable to nurse her son, MacFarlane carried off the wife of the Uruisg who lived on the mainland close by, and installed her as foster-mother. The Uruisg resented this forcible abduction, and the story of his revenge and its consequences is one of the wildest tragedies of Loch Lomond's shores.



THE OLD PASS, TROSSACHS



THE MACFARLANE COUNTRY

The shores of Loch Lomond north of Luss are made specially interesting by certain heroic memories of the two greatest of our early kings. Geoffrey of Monmouth, the monkish chronicler who died in 1154, in his fantastic account of King Arthur, describes how that king pursued his enemies up Loch Lomond, besieged, and all but exterminated them on the islands, and overthrew an Irish army which came to their relief. The earlier historian, Nennius, from whom Geoffrey seems to have got his facts, merely states that Arthur fought certain of his battles in Glen Douglas, and this Glen Douglas is identified by Skene in his *Celtic Scotland* with the high pass which comes over from Loch Long, and descends at the little inn of Inverbeg between Luss and Tarbet.

The other incident is recorded by Archdeacon Barbour in his life of Robert the Bruce. It was during the king's flight after his early defeat by John of Lorn at Dalrigh, near Tyndrum. With his little host he came down on the eastern side of the loch, probably above Inversnaid. Tradition says he sheltered in the

fastness there known as Rob Roy's Cave. The enemy was behind, and the loch lay deep in front. No means of escape appeared till James of Douglas discovered "ane litil boat that wad but thresome flit". In that little boat the king was ferried across, and all his host after him. While the passage was being made, Bruce entertained and heartened his men by reciting to them one of the romances which were the chief literature of that time, "Sir Fierabras". One may picture the scene on the shore at Inveruglas, where a ferry still plies across the loch from Inversnaid. Shortly afterwards Bruce met the Earl of Lennox hunting in the hills, and the whole party took boat at Rosneath to spend the winter at Rachryn Isle on the Irish coast.

For a century and a half before the days of Bruce, Inveruglas had been the head-quarters of the Macfarlane chiefs. The ruins of their stronghold are still to be seen on the islet in the little bay. These Macfarlanes were descended from Gilchrist, fourth son of Alwyn, second of the early Earls of Lennox, and took their name from Gilchrist's grandson, Bartholomew or Pharlan. They were famous for their feuds and turbulence. From their gathering-place, a little loch in the hills above Inveruglas, they took their slogan, "Loch Sloy", and by reason of their raiding propensities the moon came to be known through a wide district as "Macfarlane's lantern". On one occasion they

came near extinction. Their cattle had been lifted by some Lochaber men, and on following them up, they found the raiders asleep in a bothie. This they promptly set on fire, and not a man escaped. But a gale was blowing, the fire caught the forest, and the Macfarlanes would themselves have been consumed had they not crowded into a small loch at the bottom of a valley. On another occasion, hearing that certain enemies were marching to attack the clan, the Macfarlanes, under Duncan Dhu, set an ambush at a ford, on the Falloch, and exposed at the spot an effigy of one of themselves. On the hostile party coming in sight, they spent most of their arrows in shooting at the dummy figure, and the Macfarlanes, securing these, returned them with overwhelming effect. The attack of the clan on Boturich Castle in the boyhood of James V has already been mentioned.

The Macfarlane chiefs, however, were no mere caterans. They married into the best families in the west country. One of them, knighted by James IV, fell at Flodden, and another was slain at Pinkie. The next chief played an effective part at the Battle of Langside. According to Hollinshed, he had been condemned to die for some outrage, but had been pardoned at the entreaty of the Countess of Moray, and it was by way of return for this clemency that he brought his clan to the battle. Coming up with two hundred

of his men at the critical stage of the conflict, he fell fiercely on the flank of Queen Mary's men, and was a chief cause of their overthrow. As if to redeem that act, the son of this chief is said to have founded a hospice for travellers at Bruitfort, opposite Eilean Vou, and his son again took the Royalist side in the wars of Charles I, and consequently was fined 3000 merks and had his castle at Inveruglas destroyed by Cromwell's men. After that time, the Macfarlane chiefs had their seat partly at Tarbet and partly on Eilean Vou, but they were designated as "of Arrochar" from the neighbouring property at the head of Loch Long which had been acquired in the latter part of the fourteenth century. In more recent days, Walter Macfarlane of Arrochar was one of the most exact and industrious antiquaries of his time. His brother, Alexander, a merchant and judge in Jamaica, was founder of Glasgow Observatory, originally called the Macfarlane Observatory. John, son of the third brother, was the last Macfarlane laird of Arrochar. In 1785 his estates were brought to a judicial sale and purchased by Ferguson of Raith. They afterwards became the property of the Colquhouns.

Among the countless admirers of this ancient country of the Macfarlanes, was the famous judge and literary critic, Lord Jeffrey. In the early part of last century, he was a frequent guest at Stuckgown House,

which, with its lancet windows, rises among the trees on the steep hill-side a mile or so to the south of Tarbet.

A memory of a different sort belongs to a huge boulder which lies in a hollow by the roadside half-way between Tarbet and Ardlui. Many years ago, a cavern was scooped in its lofty face, and from this the minister of Arrochar preached to his parishioners in the grassy amphitheatre around. It has been called, probably with truth, "the heaviest pulpit in the world".

GLENFALLOCH

From the head of Loch Lomond at Ardlui a coach used to run up the beautiful eight-mile valley of the River Falloch to Crianlarich on the Dochart, in the wild Breadalbane country. In the eighties of last century the building of the West Highland Railway up Loch Long and Loch Lomond sides, and through Glenfalloch to Glenorchy and beyond, superseded the coach. But to-day the road is populous again. It is part of the favourite route for motor-cars making for Oban and the West Highlands. Its pleasant hotels at Ardlui and Inverarnan are also, like those at Balloch, Luss, Rowardennan, Tarbet, and Inversnaid, favourite holiday resorts, and pilgrims make their way in considerable numbers to the noble Falls of Falloch, some four miles up the gorge, and the Garabal Falls in Strath Dubh.

Here it is that the possessions of the Clan Campbell touch the loch. Glenfalloch has been the property of the Campbells of Glenorchy since the time of James VI, when Colin Campbell of Glenorchy secured a feu of the lands of Breadalbane, which he had



ELLEN'S ISLE, LOCH KATRINE

previously held as a tenant of the Carthusian monastery at Perth. Many of the fine trees in Glenfalloch were probably planted by Colin's son, Black Duncan of the Cowl, the first baronet, who was the first of the Highland lairds to devote attention to rural improvement.

But a more curious interest and romance belongs to the old mansion of Glenfalloch House, some three miles up the Glen. In consequence of the action of Sir John Campbell, the fifth baronet of Glenorchy, and first Earl of Breadalbane, who seized the earldom of Caithness and engineered the massacre of Glencoe, a curse was popularly believed to haunt his descendants. His line, at any rate, came to an end with his grandson, the third earl. The title and estates then passed to General John Campbell of Mochaster, representative of the third son of the third baronet. He was a distinguished soldier and F.R.S., and was made a Marquess, but according to the popular tradition he also was tainted with the "curse of Glencoe", his father's mother having been a daughter of Robert Campbell of Glenlyon, the officer who commanded the Government troops on that occasion. Accordingly, when his only son, the second Marquess, died childless in 1862, the curse was popularly believed to have once more taken effect.

The succession was then claimed by John Campbell

of Glenfalloch, as representative of the fifth son of the third baronet. He was opposed by Campbell of Borland, his second cousin and next representative of the same third baronet, on the plea that there was a flaw in the Glenfalloch pedigree. A hundred years previously, it appeared, a gay young captain of Fencibles, a younger son of Glenfalloch, had run away with a lady of Bath. The inheritance hinged on the question as to whether they had ever been legally married. At the trial of the case, however, it was shown that the captain and the lady had been duly received and entertained at Glenfalloch by his father and mother, and as the old laird was known to be of strict principles, which would not countenance any moral obliquity, the court held that Captain Campbell and the lady had been by Scots law husband and wife. The laird of Glenfalloch, grandson of this pair, accordingly became sixth Earl of Breadalbane.

“Green Glenfalloch” has sometimes been stated to be the scene of the well-known song, “Roy’s Wife of Aldivalloch”. But Aldivalloch lies within the grounds of Taymouth Castle, at the eastern end of Loch Tay, and as Taymouth itself was formerly known as Balloch, the song clearly belongs to the Braes o’ Balloch of that district.

Greater mystery, however, attends the song of “The Bonnie, Bonnie Banks o’ Loch Lomond”. The late

ingenious Andrew Lang, in his causerie "At the Sign of the Ship" in *Longman's Magazine*, discussed the question, and even furnished from his own pen an improved version of the song. The accepted idea is that the song represents the farewell of a Jacobite prisoner, about to be executed at Carlisle in 1746, to his sweetheart who had attended his trial there and must travel home alone. While she took the ordinary "high road", his spirit, by the "low road" of the grave, would be on Loch Lomondside before her. There is reason to believe, however, that the song is really a version of the well-known ballad, "The Bonnie, Bonnie Braes o' Binnorie". As a matter of fact, there is a striking resemblance between the airs of the two compositions.

LOCH KATRINE AND THE TROSSACHS

If the bold Rob Roy were permitted to place his foot again upon his native heath at Inversnaid, he would find a few things to interest him. It would not only be the steamers with their cosmopolitan tourists on Loch Lomond, or the handsome modern hotel at the pier head, or the coaches climbing the steep winding road through the ravine behind. In place of the Garrison fort which he himself seized once, and his nephew Glune Dhu stormed again later, he would find a peaceful farmhouse; and if he looked for that other house from which in his youth, after the heroic fashion of his time, he carried off his wife Helen, he would find it covered by the waters of Loch Arklet, banked up behind their great stone dam. Glasgow and its merchants, whom he scorned, have stretched out a long arm, and shackled and led away the very waters that once sparkled, a symbol of freedom itself, in this last fastness of Clan Gregor. To-day a well-made road runs down the pass behind Ben Lomond, by the sylvan shores of Loch Chon and Loch Ard, to the clachan of Aberfoyle, and to Stronachlachar on Loch Katrine side where the pilgrim

looks out upon waters that are twelve or fifteen feet higher than they were in Rob Roy's time. The last word of conquest surely was said when in 1916 the City of Glasgow purchased Glengyle itself, at the head of Loch Katrine, the actual patrimony of Rob Roy's ancestors. In the remote heart of the hills there the little old ivy-covered mansion is now a summer retreat of the Glasgow bailies, and in the little high-walled burying-ground among the woods at hand, the ashes of Dugald Ciar Mhor, as a matter of fact, sleep in civic soil.

Dugald, who was the ancestor of the Glengyle family, Rob Roy's race, was the warrior left to guard the students at the battle of Glenfruin, who "made siccar" of his charge in the ghastly fashion already narrated. Many later members of his house lie around him, including a noted Indian general whose body was brought home in the eighties of last century, and rowed hither up the loch, with tartans trailing from the barge and the pipes playing the last lament. Wordsworth wrote his spirited verses here "sitting on Rob Roy's grave". The verses with more or less truth describe the cateran—

The eagle he was lord above,
And Rob was lord below;

but whatever grave the poet was sitting on when he wrote them, it was certainly not the grave of Rob Roy, for that individual, with his wife Helen, sleeps in

the little kirkyard of Balquhiddar, at the foot of Loch Voil, a dozen miles away.

In character Loch Katrine is somewhat like the upper end of Loch Lomond, but is lonelier and wilder. There is no road along its southern shore, and that along the north is but little frequented. Some of the names of places along that shore are formidable enough. Among them, Strongalvaltrie, Edraleachdach, and Brenachoil offer something like dislocation to Sassenach jaws, and are only matched by the Gaelic spelling of the mountain which appears on the map and in poetry as Ben Venue, which is Beinnmheadhonaidh, and by the old Gaelic name of the Trossachs Hotel—Ard-cheanochrochan. The loch has an islet at each end, Eilean Dhu near Glengyle, and Eilean Molach, or Ellen's Isle, near the Trossachs. Both of these were doubtless used by the Macgregor clansmen as places of refuge for their women and children in times of extreme danger, though the loch shores were altogether so inaccessible in bygone times that they offered a very secure retreat. So steep are the mountain-sides at Glengyle, for instance, that a deer shot far up on the sky-line has been brought down to the door of the house almost entirely by its own weight; and the scores of streams that leap and foam down the wild corries are many of them indeed "white as the snowy charger's tail".

The Lowland spelling of the loch's name, stereotyped by Sir Walter Scott, is generally taken to mean the "loch of the caterans"; but the local pronunciation is more like Loch Keturn, and there is some reason to believe that the derivation of the name is more like that of Loch Hourn, the Loch of Hell, in Inverness-shire, and Glen Urrin, Hell's Glen, in Cowal.

Of historic events which have taken place upon these shores two remain outstanding. Here in 1752, six years after the overthrow of the Jacobite cause at Culloden, was arrested Dr. Archibald Cameron, the brother of Lochiel. In a last hope of raising the country for Prince Charles Edward he had made his way to Scotland, while in the south an attempt was to be made by the Honourable Alexander Murray to seize St. James's Palace and the person of George II. Both attempts failed, and Cameron, carried to London, was executed at Tyburn.

A century later, in 1859, an event of very different significance took place here. In this case it was the crystal flood of Loch Katrine itself that was taken captive and led away to satisfy the demands of the great and growing city of Glasgow. Amid much ceremony, attended by many notables, and guarded by a body of the new Volunteers, Queen Victoria opened the sluice-gates, and saw the waters begin to flow away on their errand of incalculable beneficence.

Rivalling the aqueducts of ancient Rome, this was the first modern aqueduct in Britain. It had, however, a predecessor—the aqueduct known as the King's Mill Lade, which dates at any rate from the days of Alexander II, perhaps from Roman times, and brings the water of the Almond to Perth.

Tradition also recounts another incident as having taken place on Loch Katrine side. During Cromwell's occupation of the country, it is said, a party of his troops made their way to this fastness. As usual in times of danger, the clansmen had placed their women and children on the islet at the eastern end of the loch, and had also conveyed all their boats thither. To seize one of these a soldier swam across, and he had actually laid his hand on the gunwale when a knife in a woman's hand flashed out of the greenery, and with a gasp the ravisher sank dead. His grave is still pointed out in one of the hollows of the Trossachs at hand.

It was possibly that tradition which suggested to Scott the whole circumstance and machinery of his greatest romantic poem, *The Lady of the Lake*. Whether or not this was the case, the action and characters of the poem almost entirely from his day till ours have occupied and dominated the scene. No one can stand by the loch-side opposite the caterans' isle without picturing to himself the gallant Fitzjames breaking through the rough woodland from which the



GLEN FINGLAS OR FINLAS

Trossachs takes its name. There was, of course, no smooth winding road through a level defile at that time. Through the tumbled confusion of rocky copse-clad hills the clansmen had to make their way by a track known as "the ladders", steps cut in the precipitous bank, with ropes hung from the trees, so that the hand might help the foot of the climber. As Scott puts it—"The broom's tough roots his ladder made." As he broke his way through by that "Old Pass," which may still be followed, north of the present road, Fitzjames came upon the exquisite scene of wood and water, still lovely as ever, at the eastern end of the loch—

A narrow inlet, still and deep,
Affording scarce such breadth of brim
As served the wild duck's brood to swim.

Thence he made his way along the north shore for some mile and a half, past the Silver Strand, which has now disappeared under the raised waters of the loch, and, climbing to the summit of the Druim Beag, which at that point barred his path, beheld the noble scene in which Loch Katrine

In all her length far winding lay,
With promontory, creek, and bay,
And islands that, empurpled bright,
Floated amid the livelier light,
And mountains that like giants stand
To sentinel enchanted land.

The spot where he stood was exactly suited to the purpose he suggested :

On this bold brow, a lordly tower;
 In that soft vale, a lady's bower;
 On yonder meadow, far away,
 The turrets of a cloister grey.

Behind him, on the north side of the Trossachs, rose Ben A'an, and to the south, above the narrow eastern end of the loch, the rugged mountain which dominates the scene:

High on the south, huge Ben Venue
 Down on the lake in masses threw
 Crags, knolls, and mounds, confusedly hurled,
 The fragments of an earlier world.

There, on the side of Ben Venue, lies the Bealach-nam-bo, or "Pass of the Cattle" by which the Macgregors drove their stolen herds into this fastness, and, below it, the Coire-nan-Uruisgain, or "Goblins' Corrie", in which these herds could be securely concealed.

Having satisfied himself as to the geography of the spot Fitzjames returned to the Silver Strand, winded his horn, and forthwith saw the shallop start from the islet shore, with the fair Ellen Douglas herself as its guide, to involve the gallant huntsman in all the romantic complications of the tale.

The original name of the islet was Eilean Molach, the "Shaggy Island". The name by which it is now best known, Ellen's Isle, may commemorate the dame, Helen Stewart, who slew the daring raider of Cromwell's time, but is more likely to be the result of Scott's

mistaking the word "Eilean" on the lips of his Highland boatman.

No doubt some of the romantic character of the neighbourhood has disappeared since the time of Scott. When the early admirers of *The Lady of the Lake* visited the scene they were rowed up Loch Katrine in a barge manned by a crew of stalwart clansmen. In 1843 this picturesque method of transport was done away with, a small iron steamer being substituted for the galley and rowers. Naturally the change was resented by the oarsmen themselves, and one night the steamer was taken from its moorings, towed to a deep part of the loch, and sunk. But the deed was done in vain by those stalwart defenders of the picturesque. Another steamer soon took the place of the foundered vessel, and as it lies waiting for its freight on a summer afternoon at the rustic straw-thatched pier that clings to the hill-side, it somehow, to modern eyes, forms quite a charming feature of the scene.

The real effect and enjoyment of this singularly beautiful region, rendered so humanly interesting by the genius of Sir Walter Scott, are merely tasted by the tourist who hurries over the ground in a single day. To gain a full and lasting impression of its loveliness one should stay for some time in the neighbourhood. The Trossachs Hotel, a mile or so to the east of Loch Katrine, has been called "the greatest monument to Sir

Walter Scott". Either as a guest within its walls, or in more rustic quarters at Brig o' Turk, no great distance away, one may establish one's headquarters for an indefinite period.

Glen Finglas here, it should be remembered, was the scene of a legend enshrined in another of the poems of the great romancer. Two young men, hunting in the glen, had retired for the night to their sheiling when they were surprised by a visit from two fair girls. Lured by the fascination of these visitors one of the hunters was tempted to stroll up the glen with them in the moonlight. The other, suspecting that all was not right, remained indoors, and spent the night in playing hymns to the Virgin on his jew's-harp. His companion did not return, and next day the more cautious hunter found his remains in a hollow not far away, torn and devoured by the harpies.

When one has explored the many sylvan beauties of Glen Finglas to the north, and the mountain road to Aberfoyle to the south, has wandered round the shores of "the lovely Loch Achray", and up the Achray Water to the sluices at the foot of Ben Venue, has followed the route of the fiery cross eastward from Duncraggan, by the Macgregors' gathering-place on Lanrick Mead and the shore of Loch Vennachar, to Coilantogle ford, where Fitzjames and Roderick Dhu fought their tremendous duel, and, beyond "Bochastle's heath" and the Pass of

Leny and Callander, has traced the immortal route of the chase backwards up the Kelty Water under Uam-Var to "Glenartney's hazel shade", one will have become imbued with something of that love for the magnificent country of his birth which is and always has been one of the strongest features in the character of the Scottish Highlander.

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